



When wild geese hawk high of nights and when Soapy moves uneasily on his park bench you may know that winter is near at hand. A dead leaf fell in Soapy's lap. That was Jack Frost's card. Jack always gives fair warning of his annual call.



The hibernatorial ambitions of Soapy were not of the highest. In them there were no considerations of Mediterranean cruises or of euphoric Southern skies. Three months on the island seemed to Soapy the essence of things desirable.



There were many ways of reaching the island. Soapy left his bench and strolled up Broadway. He halted at a glittering cafe. If he could reach a table inside unsuspected, success would be his. A roasted mallard duck, thought Soapy—



And then Camembert and a demi-tasse. But as Soapy set foot inside the restaurant the head-waiter's eye fell upon his decedent shoes. Strong and ready hands turned him about and conveyed him in silence and haste to the sidewalk.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



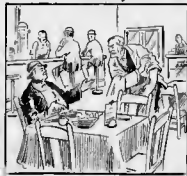
Soapy turned off Broadway; he wanted three months of food and shelter and knew one way to get it. At Sixth Avenue there was a conspicuous window. Soapy took a cobble-stone and dashed it through the glass. People came running—



Led by a policeman, Soapy stood still. He smiled at the sight of the brass buttons. The cop hardly looked at Soapy. Men who smash windows take to their heels. Down the street a man ran to catch a car. The cop took after him.



Soapy, with disgust in his heart, looked along. Across the street was a restaurant of no great pretensions. It catered to large appetites and modest purses. Into this place Soapy took his accursed shoes and sat at a table.



He examined breakfast, flapjacks, doughnuts and pie. And then to the waiter, he said: "Get busy and call a copy—and don't keep a gentleman waiting." "No cop for you," said the waiter with a voice like butter knives.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## O. Henry's Short Stories

### The Cop and the Anthem—III

*Drawn by John Hix*



Neatly upon his left ear two waiters had pitched Soapy. He'd eaten a meal and had no money, but Soapy was bound for the city prison for the winter, and he'd hoped the waiter would call a cop. But arrest seemed a rosy dream. The nice, warm cell seemed far away.



Three times Soapy had tried and failed. Now he was desperate. He came upon a policeman in front of a theater. Soapy fell to the sidewalk and yelled drunken gibberish. "One o' them Yale lads," said the cop, and turned his back.



At length Soapy stood in front of an old church. Sweet music drifted out to Soapy's ears. It was an anthem his mother had taught him. Soapy made swift resolve. He would make a man of himself—he would find work!



Soapy felt a hard hand on his shoulder. He turned quickly into the broad face of a policeman. "What are you doing here," asked the cop. "Nothing," said Soapy. "Tell it to the judge," said the cop. "he'll send you to the Island—to do nothing."

NEXT O. HENRY STORY: "JIMMY HAYES AND MURIEL"



Supper was just over in the Texas Ranger camp when the men heard the scraping of stirrups against chaparral. Then they heard a cheerful voice: "Dance up, Muriel, old girl—hey, now, quit trying to kiss me. This point here ain't any too shore-footed."



The rangers listened cautiously, and then a third "point" party single-footed into camp. A gangling youth shouted: "Hi, fellows, here's a letter for the lieutenant." Of "Muriel," whom he had been talking to, nothing was seen.



He dismounted, unaided. The Ranger lieutenant read his letter and introduced him to the boys as Jimmy Hayes, a recruit from El Paso. The men received him cordially but suspiciously. On the border your sidekick's nerve may mean your life or death.



With a spiritual smile Jimmy introduced "Muriel." Out of his shirt crawled a turned frog, a bright red ribbon around its wily neck. One of the rangers growled and asked: "Does it know it?" Jimmy handed the frog over and it hopped right back to him.



Jimmy Hayes and his frog, "Muriel", became favorites in the ranger camp. He had an endless store of good nature and was never without his frog. But not once did Jimmy attain full brotherhood with his comrades. He had not been asked.



To make merry in camp is not all of a ranger's life. There are horse-chases to run down, bandits to hunt out—at the mouth of a wax-shooter. For two months the border was quiet and then Sebastiano Solder and his gang crossed the Rio Grande.



One evening about midnight, the rangers halted for supper after a long ride. Their horses stood panting. Suddenly out of the brush Solder and his gang burst upon them, blazing away with six shooters and high-raised yells.



The rangers awoke and got their Winchester-bury but the riders galloped away yelling. The rangers mounted and pursued but their horses were lagged and they returned to camp. Then it was discovered that Jimmy Hayes was missing. (TO BE CONTINUED)



The Mexican bandit gang had got away, but Jimmy Hayes was missing, along with Muriel, his frog. Jimmy had never been in a skirmish before, and the rangers suspected that Jimmy had turned coward at the whiz of bullets. Never before had a ranger—



shows the white feather. The company was gloomy. Months passed by and still that cloud of cowardice hung above the camp. A year later the troop was in the same country looking for smugglers. One day they came across the skeletons of three Mexicans.



Their clothing identified them. The largest had once been Sebastiano Seldar, the bandit. Their rusting Winchester all pointed in the same direction. The rangers rode in that direction 50 yards and found another skeleton. "Some cowpuncher," they said.



And then, from beneath the ribs of the dead man there wriggled a horned-toad, a faded red ribbon around his neck. Mysterly it told the story of how Jimmy had pursued the bandits, how he had gone down in triumph, upholding the honor of the rangers.

NEXT O. HENRY STORY: THE SATURDAY MORNING

## O. Henry's Short Stories

### A Double Dyed Deceiver—I

*Drawn by John Hix*



The trouble began in Laredo. It was The Kid's fault, for he should have confined his habit of manslaughter to Mexicans. But there was a poker game, a pair of spurs and a quarrel. When the smoke had cleared away it was found The Kid—



Had committed an indiscretion and his adversary had been guilty of a blunder. The Kid, on account of a rather umbrageous reputation, even for the border, considered it not incompatible with his indisputable gameness to "pull his freight." For the man—



He killed was a high-blooded youth from the cow ranches and quickly the avengers gathered around. Three of them overtook The Kid at the station but The Kid turned on them and showed his teeth in a merciless smile. They fell back.



The Kid openly boarded a north-bound train but a few miles out he abandoned it, at Webb, for there in front of a store stood the saddled horses of the customers. He mounted a roan and rode toward the north and east.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



The Kid was on the run. He had plugged a cowboy in a friendly game of poker, and made his getaway on a stolen roan. On the Rio Grande if you take a man's life sometimes you take trash, but if you take his horse—well, there is no turning back.



After three days of rolling he stood on the shore at Corpus Christi, and looked across a gentle sea. Captain Blaine, of the schooner Flyaway, stood near his skiff, ready to shove off. "Where are you going?" asked The Kid.

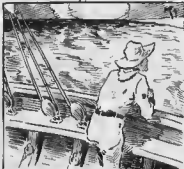


"Buena Tierra, South America," said the captain, "with a load of lumber, corrugated iron and machetes. It's a warmish country, where you never work, and there's no Sunday, no ice, and no rent. It's a great country for sleep."



It sounded good to The Kid and for \$24 the captain agreed to take him. "All right, landy," said the captain, "I hope your ma won't blame me for this little childish escapade of yours." He beckoned to one of his crew and they set off. (TO BE CONTINUED)

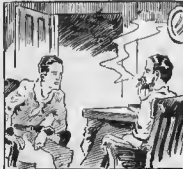




The Kid, by stolen horse and by schooner, had fled Laredo, Texas, for Buena Vista, South America, urged on by the knowledge that a posse wanted him for the killing of a cow-puncher in a friendly game of poker.



In Buena Vista, The Kid called upon Thacker, U.S. Consul, for formality sake. It was early in the day and Thacker was sober. "Need an interpreter?" asked Thacker, "and have you come to invest in fruit lands—"



"I speak Spanish better than English," said The Kid, "and I'm here because I plugged a white man in Texas." "That's straight enough," said Thacker, "have you got any nerves?" The Kid smiled and said, "if it's gun work you want depend on me."



"No, no," said Thacker, "but I've a little plan. Twelve years ago Old Santos Uribe's kid, only eight but wild, ran away to the states. The madam and he are still in mourning, but they think the boy will come back."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## O. Henry's Short Stories

## A Double Dyed Deceiver—IV

*Drawn by John Hix*



The Kid, about 21, finds himself in Buenos Ayres after a flight from Texas. He's killed a swamper. Now the U.S. Consul is rigging him up to play the role of Don Francisco Urique, long lost son of wealthy South Americans.



Thacker, the consul, first tattooed a flying eagle on The Kid's left hand, to match one on the hand of the long, lost boy. If Papa and Mama Urique accepted him as their son there'd be plenty of boodle for The Kid and Thacker to split.



"Old Urique keeps anywhere from \$50,000 to \$100,000 in his house all the time," Thacker was saying, "and my skill as a tattooer is worth half the boodle. We go halves and catch a tramp steamer for Rio de Janeiro, Eh?"



"I'm out for the dust," said The Kid, and Thacker dispatched a note to El Senor Don Santos Urique, informing him he thought he had found his long, lost son, and suggesting he call at the office to look the lad over.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



The Kid, fugitive from Texas, finds himself in Buena Vista, masquerading as Don Francisco, long lost son of the wealthy Unique family. Thacker, U.S. Consul, had framed the masquerade and the two agreed to split the booty to come.



Senor and Senora Unique, heavy with sadness, were easily fooled. The tattoo on the Kid's left hand, put there by Thacker, convinced them and The Kid forced himself in the Senora's arms. "Hijo mio," she cried.



A month later The Kid came to the consulate in response to a message from Thacker. "What's doing?" asked Thacker. "haven't you been able to get your hands on the money?" The Kid looked him in the eye and said, "The scheme's off."



"You're going to throw me down, then, are you," said the consul. "I'll expose you today, you—you double-dyed traitor." The Kid arose and, without violence, took Thacker by the throat with a hand of steel. (TO BE CONTINUED)



The Kat shoved Thacker into a corner and poked a .45 against the consul's mouth. "I told you why I came here," he said, "and if I leave, you'll be the reason." Thacker was scared but he listened to The Kat's story.



"The first night, before I was asleep, this artificial mother of mine tucks on the covers, and a tear drops down on my cheek. All that sticks by me, Mr. Thacker. And it's been that way ever since. I'm a low-down wolf, and the devil—



"May have sent me on this trail instead of God, but I'll travel it to the end. And there's one more reason why things have got to stand. The fellow I killed in Laredo had one of them same pictures on his left hand."



The Kat smiled. "And who am I from now on?" He tightened his grip on Thacker's throat. "Don Francisco Uaguer," muttered Thacker. From outside came a sound of wheels and hoofs and then a woman's voice, "Are you there, dear me?" Next Story: Tobin's Palm.

## O. Henry's Short Stories



Tobin and me, the two of us, went down to Coney Island one day, for there was four dollars between us, and Tobin had need of distractions. For there was Katie Mahomer, his sweetheart, of County Sligo, lost since she started for America three months before.

## Tobin's Palm-I



She had \$300 from selling a fine cottage and a pig on Bog Shanough, and since the letter Tobin got saying she had started not a bit of news had he heard. Tobin had advertised in the papers but nothing could be found of the colleen.



So to Coney, me and Tobin went. But Tobin was a hard-headed man and sadness stuck to his skin. He ground his teeth at the balloons, and though he would drink whenever asked, he scorned Punch and Judy, and was for looking the lintype men.

## Drawn by John Hix



Tobin was a believer in black cats and lucky numbers so he stops before a sign that reads "Madame Zee, Palmist" and says, "Tu here I'll be diverted." And to a fat woman, in a red jumper Tobin gives ten cents and his palms.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## O. Henry's Short Stories

## Tobin's Palm-II

Drawn by John Dix



"Man," says Madame Zane to Tobin, "you've had bad luck and more's to come. Your line shows trouble is on account of your sweetheart." "Katie Mahornor," whispers Tobin to me in a loud voice. "I see the letters K and M in your hand," says Zane.



"Do ye hear that?" says Tobin to me. Zane goes on: "Look out for a dark man and a light lady for they'll bring ye trouble. But there's a man who'll bring ye good luck, and ye can tell him by his crooked nose. But first ye'll make a voyage, and lose some money."



"Tis wonderful," says Tobin, as we walked back to the pier, for the boat to New York. As we squeeze through the gate a nigger man sticks his lighted cigar against Tobin's ear and the fight is on. I drag him away and he says, "The dark man of the prophecy."



On the boat Tobin wants to buy a bear and finds his change had been disturbed in the crush. "The financial loss in the prophecy," says Tobin, "and a dollar sixty-five it was." And then he stumbles against a woman with hair the color of an uncooked meerschaum. (TO BE CONTINUED)

## U. Henry's Short Stories

## Tobin's Palm—III

Drawn by John Hix



Tobin, being polite to ladies when in drink, tries to give her that a twist while apologizing and the wind carries it overboard. He comes to see and says, "The light woman of Madame Zeno's prep-work—now I'm looking for the crooked one."



Tobin walked around the deck, looking close at the passengers out of his little red eyes. "Jawn," says he, "did you ever see a straighter-need gang of hellions in the days of your life?" When we landed we walked up-town through 22nd street.



On a corner was a man, looking at the moon, dressed decent, with a seegar between his teeth, and with a nose that made two twists. Tobin saw him too and I heard him breathe hard like a horse when you take the saddle off.



"Good-night to ye," Tobin says. The man passes the compliments, socialista. "By the signs of an Egyptian palmist you've been nominated to offset me bad luck." "There's two of ye," says the man with the nose, looking for a policeman, "Good night." (TO BE CONTINUED)

The man with the crooked nose moves across the street but Tokin and me sticks close to him. "What," says he, "ye follow me!" So Tokin explains again about the palmist who said a crooked-nosed man would bring him luck, and back to him meant finding his lost sweetheart from Ireland.

After that the man turns sudden to laughing and then he takes us by an arm, speaks and walks us to a cafe for drinks. "Ye must know," says he, "that me walk in life is literary—." Tabin pounds the table with his fist and says, "ye talk is an eyecore to me patience—there was goodluck promised me in the crook of ye nose."



"Would ye be led astray by physiognomy," says the poor man, and led us down the street with him. "We need no supernatural slumber, therefore I will venture a bit in the way of hospitality. Ye will be welcome to eat for I am indebted to ye for diversion." The appetite of me and Tobin was congenial to the idea.

## A black and white illustration of a man and a woman in a room. The man is sitting on the floor, looking up at the woman who is standing and looking down at him. There is a small table with a lamp and some books on it.

"I offer ye a pot of coffee," says the man with the crooked nose, "for tis fine coffee our new cook, Katie Mahomer, makes for a green gal just landed three months." And Tobin knew a few drinks was not all the good fortune promised by Madame Zee that would come from the man with the crooked nose.

HEIT CL. HEIT STONY: BETS LOVE FILTER

### HEAVY ON HEAVY STONE: RITA LOPE FILTERS



# O. Henry's Short Stories

## Icky's Love Philtre—II

Drawn by Elliott



Chunk McGowan and Rory Riddle plan to elope, but Chunk is afraid she may change her mind. He goes to Icky, his drugstore friend and rival for Rory's hand, for a drug. "Which will keep her from running out on me," he says.



Icky is heavy-hearted at the prospect of losing Rory, but Icky is subtle. He mixed a sleeping potion and gave it to the grateful Chunk. Chunk fled and Icky immediately sent a message to Rory's father to put him on guard.



At 9:30 1/4 that night Chunk climbed the Riddle fire-escape, took Rory in his arms and was gone. A quick trip to the minister and the job was done. The two moved into Chunk's new flat that night. But where was Mr. Riddle?



The next day Chunk called on Icky. "What did I do with the powder? Oh," he explained, "I decided the last minute to get Rory on the square and instead of giving it to her I slipped it in old man Riddle's coffee—see?"  
Next O. Henry Story: Springtime A La Carte.

## O. Henry's Short Stories

### Springtime a la Carte—I

Drawn by Elliott



It was a day in March, about 1910. Sarah was crying over her bill of fare. The gentleman who said the world was an oyster to be opened with a sword had never tried it with a typewriter!



Sarah managed to pry apart the shells with her unhandy weapon far enough to nibble a wee bit at the cold world. Jobs were scarce, but Sarah had one, typing menus for the Home Restaurant for three meals a day.



One afternoon Sarah shivered in her room—"scrupulously clean; conveniences; seen to be appreciated." Sarah looked out the window. The calendar on the wall cried out to her: "It's springtime!" © McClure Newspaper Syndicate



But Springtime made Sarah sad. Last summer she had stayed at Sunnybrook Farm, and met and loved Old Farmer Franklin's son, Walter. Farmers have been wooed and turned out to grass in less time—but not Walter!  
(To Be Continued)

## O. Henry's Short Stories



Sarah earned three meals a day by typing menus for Schalenberg's restaurant. But she was sad, for she could think only of last summer and the dandelion crown her summer lover had woven for her. © McClure Newspaper Syndicate

## Springtime a la Carte—II



And she had not heard from him since! Now she typed out tomorrow's menus. Lima Beans. Carrots—and then Sarah cried. The next item was Dandelions—Dandelions With Handboiled Eggs—bother the egg.



At six o'clock, after the waiter had brought her dinner and taken the menus, the door bell rang. A strong voice. Sarah jumped. She reached the stairs just as her father came up there at a jump.

Drawn by Elliott



"You never answered my letters," she cried. "Never got any," he said. "How did you find me?" she asked. "In a restaurant." He showed her one of her menus. Under vegetables she had written: "Dearest Walter With Egg."

Next Story: The Ransom of Mack.



We and old Mack Lowbury, we got out of that little Hide-and-Sneak gold mine with about \$40,000 apiece. "Andy," he says to me, "let's knock off for a while and spend some of our money."



A week afterward me and Mack hits the small town of Pine, about 30 miles out of Denver. We finds an elegant 2-room house, deposited a half a peck of money in the bank and shook hands with the 340 citizens.



For pleasures Mack had a Christmas cook and Buckle's History of Civilization, which he read in his stocking feet. I had my cuckoo clock and Sep Women's Self-Instructor for the Banjo.

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We liked the place. Some people need noise and rapture and locomotion. But we liked our grub, Mack liked Buckle and I was picking out "Old Zip Coo" on the banjo. And then I had to go to New Mexico. (To Be Continued)



After two months in New Mexico I was anxious to get back to Pina and the cabin we had there, with our Chinaman cook, and banjo and stocking feet. When I struck the cabin I nearly fainted.



"Hello, Andy," says Mack. "things have happened since you went away." Things had! He had on a silk hat, a white vest and shiny shoes, and he was smiling like an infernal storekeeper. © McClure Newspaper Syndicate



"Well, Andy," he says, "they've elected me justice of the peace." Just then a young woman passed and smiled and bowed. "No hope for you," says I, "if you've got the Mary-Jane infirmity at your age."



"I'm going to marry the young lady who just passed," says Mack. So I turned and overtook the young lady. "Listen, dairy," I begin, "that turkey gobbler with patent leather shoes is my best friend."

(To Be Continued)

# O. Henry's Short Stories

## The Ransom of Mack—III

Drawn by Elliott



Just when Mack and me is settled pretty in Pina, Colo., with \$40,000 gold mine money apiece, he ups and turns justice of the peace and says he's going to marry Miss Rebosa Reed. I'm trying to stop him.



"Ain't there a young man in Pina you might marry?" I asks her. "Sure there is," says Rebosa, "ma has to wet the front steps to keep him from sitting there all the time—but that'll be over tonight." © McClure Newspaper Syndicate



"But you're going to let decayed old Mack marry you?" says I. "Who's the young fellow?" Rebosa says: "Eddie Bayles. He clerks at the grocery." "Would you marry him if he owned a grocery?" I asks.



Rebosa looks at me a minute and says, "Of course I would." Anything to save old Mack and our cabin, thought I, so I says: "Come on, Rebosa, we'll go and see Eddie and buy him a store." (To Be Continued)

## O. Henry's Short Stories



Why let Rebena spoil Mack's and my happy old age in Pina, Colo., where we've settled down with \$40,000 apiece out of a gold mine? It's bad enough Mack is justice of the peace.

## The Ransom of Mack—IV



So I buys a grocery store for Eddie Bayles, young and courting, whom Rebena admits she likes better than Mack, on the promise that she would marry him at five o'clock today.

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That's done. I've saved old Mack. It's good I know women and their deceit. I sit on a log and think it over. Some day Mack will be glad I done it. About six that evening I go to our cabin.

*Drawn by Elliott*



Mack's in his old clothes. "Don't look like a wedding," Mack says. "It's all over. I was to marry 'em at six, but they changed it to five." So that was it! And I was a wise guy, knowing women and buying grocery stores!

Next Story: The Skylight Room.



One day Miss Elsie Leeson came hunting a room in Mrs. Parker's house. The landlady showed her the double parlors—and you dare not interrupt her description of their advantages and the merits of the gentleman who had occupied them for eight years.



But the double parlors cost too much and Mrs. Parker gave way the pitying, sneering eye stare that she kept for those who weren't qualified to take the double parlors. So Elsie was led to the second floor back. "Eight dollars!" exclaimed Elsie.



"Show me higher and lower," she asked. So she was taken to Mr. Skadder's hall-room on the third floor. He wrote plays and smoked cigarettes. Every room-hunter was shown his room because that frightened him into paying his rent.



Then Mrs. Parker called: "Clara!" which sounded in the world the state of Miss Leeson's purse, and Clara came to escort the girl to the attic room, with a skylight 7 x 8. "Two dollars," said the maid, Clara, and Elsie took it.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



## O. Henry's Short Stories

### The Skylight Room—II

Drawn by John Hix



With Miss Leeson, the new tenant, occupying the skylight room (for \$2 a week) Mrs. Parker's roomers rejoined. Mr. Skiddler who wrote plays (unpublished) cast her in his mind for the star part in a private (unspoken) drama in real life.



And Mr. Hoover, forty-five, fat, flashy and foolish—there was never a chance for you, Hoover! Once he met her in the hall and asked her to marry him. He tried for her hand and she raised it and smote him weakly in the face.



One night the roomers sat on the front stoop for air and Miss Leeson looked up into the firmament and cried gayly: "Why, there is Billy Jackson. I can see him every night through my skylight. I named him Billy Jackson." The roomers looked skyward.



"You mean that star?" said Miss Longacker, the school teacher. "Why that's Gamma of the constellation Cassiopeia." Said Mr. Hoover: "I think Miss Leeson has as much right to name stars as any of those astrologers."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## O. Henry's Short Stories

## The Skylight Room—III

Drawn by John Hix



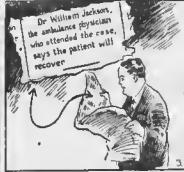
There came a time when Miss Leeson lost her job and she went out in the morning, from office to office and let her heart melt away in the drip of cold refusals transmitted through insolent office boys. Then came an evening when—



She wearily climbed Mrs. Parker's stoop after dinner time but she'd had no dinner. In her skylight room she lay on her iron cat, fragile, starved. "Good-bye Billy Jackson," she murmured to the star through the skylight, "you're far away—"



Next day at 10 they found her faint and had to call an ambulance. "Her name's Elsie Leeson," Mrs. Parker told the doctor, and he was gone up the stairs, four at a time. When he carried her down his face was that of one who bears his own dead. © McClure Newspaper Syndicate



That is all. But in the next day's paper there was a news item, and the last sentence of it may help you (as it helped me) to weld the incidents together. It told of the young woman removed from Mrs. Parker's rooming house to the hospital.

# O. Henry's Short Stories

## Sisters of the Golden Circle—I

*Drawn by Elliott*



The Rubberneck auto was ready to start. The megaphone man raised his instrument of torture. On the highest rear seat was James Williams, of Missouri, and his Bride. Now to see New York.



Observe Mrs. James Williams, once the belle of Cloverdale, Missouri. Willingly had the moss rosebud loaned to her cheeks of its pink—and as for violet, her eyes will do very well, thank you. © McClure Newspaper Syndicate



Dear kind fairy, turn backward and give us just a teeny-weeny bit of our wedding trip, just an hour, so we can remember how the grass and poplar trees looked, the scent of the flowers—oh, well.

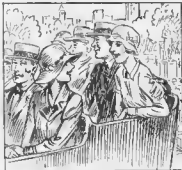


Just in front of Mrs. James Williams sat a girl in a loose tan jacket, and a floppy straw hat. At her right sat a young man, strong and good-natured, but a bit hard-looking. (To Be Continued)

## O. Henry's Short Stories

### Sisters of the Golden Circle—II

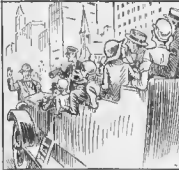
*Drawn by Elliott*



The girl in the tan jacket turned and met the eyes of Mrs. James Williams, bride from Missouri. Between two ticks of a watch they exchanged their life's hopes and fancies. The bride leaned forward.



She and the girl spoke rapidly together. Two smiles and a dozen nods closed the conference. By rice and satin does mere man become aware of weddings. But bride knoweth bride at the glance of an eye.



And now a man in dark clothes stands in front of the Rubberneck with uplited hand. The girl in front whispered in her companion's ear. He acted quickly and slid out of the car.



The girl in the jacket looked into the eyes of Mrs. Williams. In the meantime the plain-clothesman came along the side of the bus. He looked up at Williams and ordered: "Come on down!"

(To Be Continued)

## O. Henry's Short Stories



James Williams was a level-head, and he took his time in getting off the Rubberneck, at the command of a detective. But he was thinking fast—and why didn't his bride say something?

## Sisters of the Golden Circle—III



It took a dozen cops to get him to the station, where he easily proved he wasn't "Pinkie" McGuire, burglar. But he was more interested to know why his bride had been so calm.



"Dear," she told him, "it was an hour's pain to you, but I did it for the girl who sat in front of us. I was so happy, Jim, so happy that I couldn't refuse that happiness to another."

## Drawn by Elliott



"They were just married, like us, and when the cops came he jumped out, and I wanted him to get away for his sake. So when they mistook you for him I didn't say anything. I had to do it." Next Story: Service of Love.

# O. Henry's Short Stories

## Service of Love—I

Drawn by Elliott



When one loves one's Art no service seems too hard. Joe Larrabee came out of the Middle West pulsing with a genius for pictorial art. At six he'd drawn a picture of the town pump. At 20 he's in New York.



Delia Caruthers did things in six octaves so promisingly that her relatives chipped in and sent her "north" from the pine-tree village. So Delia finds herself in New York to "finish."



Joe and Delia met at a studio party where talk was of Chopin, Wagner, Rembrandt, Waldeuteuld, Freud, wall paper, modern furniture and Paris, and became enamored one of the other. © McClure Newspaper Syndicate



In a short time they were married (for, when one loves one's Art no service seems too hard). Mr. and Mrs. Larrabee began housekeeping in a flat—a lonesome flat but they were happy. (To Be Continued)



Joe Larrabee was painting in the class of the great Magister, and Delia, his bride, was studying singing under the great Rosenstock, and so between the two all was well until their money gave out.



But their aims were very clear. Joe was to become capable very soon of turning out pictures that old gentlemen with thin shoulders and thick pocketbooks would buy at auction just-own prices. © Action Newspaper Syndicate



And Delia was to become familiar and then contemptuous with Music, so that when she saw the orchestra seats and boxes would she could have wine, trout and lobster in her room and refuse to go on the stage.



But their money was gone and after a while Art flagged. So Delia said she must give music lessons to keep the chafing dish bubbling and to pay for Joe's studying.

(To Be Continued)

## O. Henry's Short Stories

### Service of Love—III

Drawn by Elliott



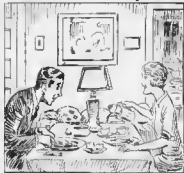
Delia came home elated one evening. "I've got a pupil," she told Joe, her artist husband. "Oh, the loveliest people, splendid house, and she's a lovely girl, only 18—and I'm to get \$15 for three lessons."



"But do you think I'm going to philander in the regions of high art while you hustle wages?" Joe said. Delia came and hung on his neck. "Don't be silly, dear," she said. "It's for your Art!"  
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Well, so it was and Joe let it go at that. "Fifteen a week is enough to get by on," said Delia, and Saturday night, a bit late, she produced the money. "Sometimes the girl tires me," she sighed.



And then Joe, with the air of a Monte Cristo, drew forth \$18. "Sold a water color to a man from Peoria," he said. So they had flatignon with champagnons to celebrate their sudden wealth.

(To Be Continued)



# O. Henry's Short Stories

## Service of Love—IV

Drawn by Elliott



Joe and Delia, students of painting and singing, respectively, are newlyweds in a cheap New York flat. Being broke, Delia gets \$15 a week for teaching music to a girl, three times a week.



And Joe reports selling some of his water colors—about one a week for \$18 each. But both come home late each evening, tired. One night Delia comes home with a bad burn on her right hand. © McClure Newspaper Syndicate



"Clematina," she says, "insisted on a Welsh rabbit after our lesson today—and spilled it on my hand." But Joe looked suspiciously at her bandage. "What's that?" he asked.



And then she told him what she could do? Joe recognized that bandage. He'd been working in the engine room of a laundry for his \$18, and he'd sent that bandage up to an ironer who'd burned her hand.

Next Story: Lost On Dress Parade.

## O. Henry's Short Stories



Mr. Towers Chandler was pressing his evening suit. Chandler's honorarium was \$22 a week for clerking. Of each week's earnings he saved \$1. At the end of 10 weeks he purchased a gentleman's evening from stingy Old Father Time.

## Lost on Dress Parade



Up Broadway moved Chandler. He paused when a girl scudded lightly across a corner, slipped and fell upon the sidewalk. Chandler assisted her to her feet. "I think my ankle is twisted," she said. "I'll call a cab," said he.



On Chandler's invitation the girl shyly accepted an invitation to dinner at a very respectable restaurant. He prated of tens and golf. "But don't you work?" asked the girl. "Work! We do-eethings are the hardest workers."

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## Drawn by Elliott



So Chandler returned to his hall room feeling quite grand, and the girl sped up-town to a sedate mansion, where she told her sister of her lark in the maid's clothes. "He thought I was a shop girl," she laughed. Next Story: Buried Treasure

## O. Henry's Short Stories

### Buried Treasure—I

*Drawn by Elliott*



May Martha Magnum resided in a Texas prairie town with a father hidden behind whiskers and spectacles, who lived for bugs and butterflies and all insects that crawl or get down your back or in the butter. He was an entomologist.



When first I saw her I wanted her to come with me, to put my slippers and pipe away every day in places where they cannot be found of evenings. There was another who wanted May Martha, and that was Goodloe Banks, just home from college.



Goodloe ran to books, manners, culture clothes. I was the other kind. When old man Magnum found out that we were after May Martha, he sent us away. We stayed away for five days. When we dared to return, May Martha and her father were gone.



Goodloe Banks and I became better friends and worse enemies than ever. We foregathered in the back room of Snyder's saloon every afternoon and played dominoes and laid traps to find out from each other if anything had been discovered. (To Be Continued)

# O. Henry's Short Stories



Goodloe Banks and I were both in love with May Martha Magnus, whose father had spirited her away from us. Lee Rundle, a young farmer, brought me a folded paper that told of buried Spanish treasure in the hills. With money I might find May.

## Buried Treasure--II



It was dated 1863 and had been left by his late grandfather. I got a working sketch of surveys of land near the point we wanted to reach, and drew lines that I thought showed the location of the treasure. There Lee and I went.



We established camp and looked for a hill shaped like a pack saddle, which was our chief landmark. We explored for four days and found nothing. Then we hitched up the roan and the dog and drove home. I found Goodloe waiting in Snyder's.

*Drawn by Elliott*



He looked at my draughtsman's sketch. "Jim," he said, with a superior smile, "you are a fool. When you drew those lines to find the location of the treasure, you didn't allow for variation of the magnetic compass from the true meridian."

*(To Be Continued)*

## O. Henry's Short Stories



Goodloe Banks and I, rivals in love, became companions in adventure when he found a flaw in my reckoning of the spot where the buried treasure lay and offered to go with me to the right place. We got there at night and I made camp.

### Buried Treasure—III



Next morning, while I broiled the hacon, Goodloe cheered me by reciting Keats and Kelly—or Sheller. Then he looked at the blue paper legacy that showed the location of the treasure, called me, and held it up to the light.



"I've often told you you were a fool," he said. "You've made two mistakes—first about the location, and now this. This document is dated 1863, the paper it is written on is watermarked 1937. You've been imposed on by a clockchopper."



"Away with your watermarks," said I, pointing to a mountain shaped like a pack saddle. "I'm going to search that mountain for the treasure." "All right," said Goodloe, sourly. "I'm done." And he flapped the mail wagon and went home. (To Be Continued)

## O. Henry's Short Stories



After Goodloe Banks, my scholarly rival for the love of the vanished May Martha Magnum, had felt me to seek the buried Spanish treasure alone, I investigated the hill shaped like a pack saddle. There was no sign of what I sought.

### Buried Treasure—IV



In the cool of the afternoon I came down the hill into a beautiful green valley. There I was startled to see what I took to be a wild man, with unkempt beard and ragged hair, pursuing a giant butterfly with brilliant wings.



I took a few more steps and saw a vine-covered cottage, and in a little grassy glade, May Martha Magnum plucking wild flowers. "I knew you would come, Jim," she said. "Father wouldn't let me write, but I knew you would come."

*Drawn by Elliott*



What followed you may guess. And I've often wondered of what use good education is to a man if he can't use it for himself. For May Martha Magnum abides with me, not with Goodloe Banks.

Next: *Makes the Whole World Kin*

## O. Henry's Short Stories

Makes the Whole World Kin—!

Drawn by Elliott



The burglar lighted a cigarette. He wore no mask, dan lanterns or gum shoes. He carried a 38-calibre revolver in his pocket, and he chewed on mint gum thoughtfully. Softly he opened the door of the lighted room



A man lay in the bed asleep. On the dresser lay many things in confusion—a crumpled roll of bills, three poker chips, crushed cigarets. The burglar stepped toward it. The man in the bed suddenly groaned. © McClure Newspaper Syndicate



He opened his eyes. "Lay still," said the burglar. "Hold up both your hands." The citizen raised his right hand. "Up with the other one," ordered the burglar. "Can't," said the citizen, his lineaments contorted.



"What's the matter?" said the burglar. "Rheumatism in the shoulder," said the citizen. Then the burglar made a grimace. "Don't stand there making faces," said the citizen. "If you've come to burgle, why don't you do it?"  
(To Be Continued)

## O. Henry's Short Stories

### Makes the Whole World Kin—II

Drawn by Elliott



"Get on with your burgling," snapped the man in the bed. "Don't stand there making faces!" "Scuse me," said the burglar, "but it just socked me one, too. It's good for you me and rheumatism are old friends."



"Anybody but me would have popped you when you wouldn't hoist that left claw." "Ever try rattlesnake oil?" asked the citizen, interested. "Gallons," said the burglar. "Does yours come in paroxysms?" asks the citizen.



"It jumps," said the burglar. "It's undiluted hades." "You're dead right," said the citizen. "Only one thing that eases her up," said the burglar—"that's booze. Let's go out and have some." "I can't dress myself," said the citizen.



"I'll help you," said the burglar. "Here's your shirt." As they were going out the citizen started back. "Forgot my money," he said. "Come on," said the burglar. "I've got the price. Ever try oil of winter green?"